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THE STANDARD.

WEST INDIA EMANCIPATION.

Celebration of the New York Anti-Slavery Society,
AT MORRIS'S GROVE,
Near Jamaica, Long Island, August 1st, 1855.

Reported for THE STANDARD by W. H. BURR.

In spite of a lowering sky in the morning, a better day for a Pic-Nic could scarcely be desired, and a finer one had not occurred in a month. The threatening aspect of the weather, no doubt, kept many away; nevertheless, the attendance was quite as large as on either of the previous Anniversaries, and a more attentive audience on such an occasion could not have been expected, the greater part listening with close attention to the speaking, which occupied more than four hours. At 11 o'clock the train stopped at Morris's Grove, and at half-past 11 the exercises commenced:

STONY HOWARD GAY, President of the Society, called the meeting to order. He stated that a part of the programme would not be fulfilled, inasmuch as the Band that was engaged to be present, on seeing the complexion of a part of the people assembled at the ferry, had become frightened and ran away. Wallace's Band could not play to coloured people. The exercises would therefore commence by singing.

The audience then joined in singing
"From all that dwell below the skies;"
after which, prayers were offered by Rev. J. W. WILLIAMS, of Bridge Street Church, Brooklyn.

The PRESIDENT then introduced the Hon. E. D. CULVER, of Brooklyn, as the first speaker, announcing him as one of those men who carried with him, many years ago, to Washington one of those useful things called a backbone—an article much more uncommon then than now even—who kept it there unbroken, without a joint in it, and brought it home with him, stiff, straight and strong (cheers).

SPEECH OF JUDGE CULVER.

FELLOW-CITIZENS: It gives me great pleasure, this morning, to be present and mingle in these deliberations. This day wakes up in the hearts of all assembled here a double train of emotions—those of sincere congratulation and deep gratitude, and those of profound sorrow; and, as I once said to the coloured people on another occasion, if I were a minister instead of a lawyer, I should be dreadfully tempted to preach, and my text would be,

"Rejoice with those that rejoice and weep with those that weep."

This is exactly that occasion. We come here to-day to testify our feelings of sympathy and congratulation with a portion of our fellow-men that, twenty-

years ago this day, received the boon of freedom by an act of the British Parliament. This act of emancipation

took effect in the British Colonies on the 1st of August, 1834—so that the child born on that day this year attains majority—this day is 21 years of age. I am very much in favour of some appropriate commemoration of such great events as these—those luminous spots that tell on the page of the history of the world's march—spots that we can point back to, recalling the circumstances which gave rise to them; they should never be permitted to pass away from our minds. The great lawgiver of Israel, in directing that people to commemorate the passover, said, "And ye shall observe this thing for an ordinance to you and your sons forever. And it shall come to pass when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service? then ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover." Why was the Jew so tenacious, every year, of its observance? Because it reminded him of that dark and fearful time when the angel that was commissioned to destroy all the first born in the land of Egypt, as the last fearful judgment upon the oppressor, causing him to let the people of Israel go, passed over the houses of the oppressed where the blood was sprinkled upon the door posts, and its inmates were left alive. It was to commemorate this great interposition of Providence in behalf of that nation, at that critical moment when the chains of slavery were about to drop from their limbs. Once a year, the Israelites assembled to eat unleavened bread, to remind them of the haste with which, on that memorable night, they took their departure from the land of bondage. There is an appropriateness in such celebrations as these; they call to mind the struggles which mark the events they commemorate, and encourage us in our present struggles to a similar end.

The cause of British Emancipation had its enemies. A few self-sacrificing men were held up as targets for public derision and scorn. But, strong in faith, they foresaw the triumph of their cause. And when at length it did triumph and the day of emancipation was approaching, there were thousands who said, when the 1st of August came, the King's troops must be called out to quell the insurrections. There will be bloodshed and murder; the masters will have their throats cut; their houses will be burnt and their cattle slaughtered. But the day came and their predictions failed. One of those islands, you will recollect (Antigua), chose the alternative of giving the act immediate effect instead of having the slaves serve, as apprentices, a few years longer, and what was the effect on that island? In the harbour of St. Johns there were four American vessels; they hoisted sail on the day before and went out of the harbour. Poor, cringing, guilty rowers, they thought the liberated slaves were going to act just as they would have acted, and that their vessels were not safe in the harbour. The blacks assembled in one of the largest cathedrals and held what they call a watch-meeting on the night of the 31st of July; they kept watch until about five minutes before 12. Then the missionary who conducted the meeting requested them all to kneel down. It was done. One of the sublimest spectacles the world has ever witnessed was then presented. On their knees, least they should be lifted up with pride, they received the precious boon of freedom. At the first stroke of the hour of 12 upon the clock, there was silence throughout that vast assembly; there was stillness reign, broken only by the strokes of the clock of the great cathedral. The last stroke, the death knell of slavery, pealed forth; a moment afterwards, says the historian, a flash of lightning, accompanied by a loud clap of thunder, followed, as if God himself had set his seal upon the act. The audience rose up, and for the space of about one minute not a word was spoken. There are times, fellow-citizens, when silence is more eloquent than any language the human heart can utter. After the momentary silence, came a general burst of joy. They threw up their free hands; they embraced each other; they ran to and fro; and every now and then, amid the confusion, there broke forth, in the negro dialect, expressions of thanksgiving and glory to God, and blessings upon those who had given them their freedom. What a spectacle for the King's troops! How many bayonets were wanted to keep such a people in subjection! What a lesson was taught in that event! Let nations learn from this that it is safest to do right.

One of the old, stale objections to emancipation in the Southern States is the danger of insurrection. Now, in those States there is a large preponderance of white population. How was it in the West India Islands? The

population of the coloured to the white population in

Antigua was about 16 to 1; in Jamaica about 11 to 1; in Barbadoes about 6 to 1. With all the predictions about insurrection and bloodshed, there was not an outrage committed by the blacks in the process of emancipation. It was contrary to human nature for them to turn upon their masters because they had been set free. While they were enslaved, there might be reason to fear insurrections, but not in the act of making them free.

Twenty-one years have passed since the Act of Emancipation began to take effect. It is said that emancipation has been a curse, because those islands do not raise as many hogheads of sugar as before. That is the standard by which slaveholders and their apologists measure the benefits of emancipation. If you want to know what are the benefits of emancipation, go and see how many more schools, churches and Bibles there are in those islands now; how many more children that can read and write, and how much the physical and mental condition of the people is improved.

But while we rejoice with those that weep, we must weep with those that weep. Three millions and a half of British slaves in 1834. What can we do to usher in the day when our own people shall receive that boon which was conferred on the slaves of the British West Indies in 1834? I know this is a great subject. We have come here to-day under the auspices of a Society that represents extreme views on the anti-slavery question. A friend of mine, seeing it announced that I was to speak at this meeting, said to me, "Don't you know that you were elected Judge by Whigs?" "Certainly," said I, "so they said." "And are you going to mingling in a Garrisonian celebration?" "I am," said I. "Don't you think it is rather an unpopular move?" said he. "I can't help that," I replied; "I never feel better than when I am with honest men, I don't care whether it is popular or not (cheers). "Don't you know," continued he, "that a woman is going to speak at the meeting?" "So much the better," said I. "I like the ladies too well to run away from them, and I shall be rejoiced to hear Mrs. Rose speak, if she is there" (cheers). Fellow-citizens, I have sought for two or three years to mingle in your celebrations, for I felt that this was an event worth commemorating, and I wanted to testify to the fidelity, consistency and perseverance with which this wing of the anti-slavery army has maintained the fight against the Slave Power (cheers). I honour the men and women that can stand up amid obloquy and reproach—amid denunciation from this political party and that political party, this church and that church, this minister and that minister, and remain firm and true to freedom. You might as well undertake to stop the voice of thunder as to shut their mouths, or turn the mighty torrent from its course as to arrest them in their career (cheers).

Now, never could see any merit in this Compromise of 1850. The truth of the matter is, every one of the five parts of that Compromise was for the benefit of slavery. A compromise implies two sides, but in this compromise there was but one. Each party is supposed to give and to get something, but certain it is that the North got nothing in this. Let us see if the North got anything.

We are told that the North got California. What of that? That was the twentieth State that had come into the Union with a Constitution of its own selection. What great gift or gain to the North was that?

But we are told that we got something in the District of Columbia. What did we get there? Merely a law of observation from the stand-point of the politician, the moralist or the religious man; we have got to come back to the same conclusion with respect to this great adversary with which we are waging war. Look at it in its religious aspect. It has laid its iron hand upon the pulpit and made it dumb, or, if it has spoken, it has been silent (cheers). This is exactly that occasion. We come here to-day to testify our feelings of sympathy and congratulation with a portion of our fellow-men that, twenty-years ago this day, received the boon of freedom by an act of the British Parliament. This act of emancipation took effect in the British Colonies on the 1st of August, 1834—so that the child born on that day this year attains majority—this day is 21 years of age. I am very much in favour of some appropriate commemoration of such great events as these—those luminous spots that tell on the page of the history of the world's march—spots that we can point back to, recalling the circumstances which gave rise to them; they should never be permitted to pass away from our minds. The great lawgiver of Israel, in directing that people to commemorate the passover, said, "And ye shall observe this thing for an ordinance to you and your sons forever. And it shall come to pass when your children shall say unto you, What mean ye by this service? then ye shall say, It is the sacrifice of the Lord's passover." Why was the Jew so tenacious, every year, of its observance? Because it reminded him of that dark and fearful time when the angel that was commissioned to destroy all the first born in the land of Egypt, as the last fearful judgment upon the oppressor, causing him to let the people of Israel go, passed over the houses of the oppressed where the blood was sprinkled upon the door posts, and its inmates were left alive. It was to commemorate this great interposition of Providence in behalf of that nation, at that critical moment when the chains of slavery were about to drop from their limbs. Once a year, the Israelites assembled to eat unleavened bread, to remind them of the haste with which, on that memorable night, they took their departure from the land of bondage. There is an appropriateness in such celebrations as these; they call to mind the struggles which mark the events they commemorate, and encourage us in our present struggles to a similar end.

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once said was irrepealable in nature, and which Clay had pronounced fundamental in character and could not be touched. And yet that compact was annulled. Thirty-four years ago, the South stood begging for that compact; it was reluctantly granted by the North; and so unpopular was it that the Northern members who voted for it could not sustain themselves with their constituents, but went down to their political graves, without hope of a resurrection. The people saw and felt the injustice and iniquity of the compromise, and could not pardon their representatives for the act. Nevertheless, as the thing was done, the North concluded to abide by it. They followed the erection of the State of Arkansas, and the southern portion of the Territory was all organized and slavery permanently established south of 36° 30'. But just as soon as it was proposed to organize a Territory north of 36° 30', the South cried out, "A bad bargain throw up the cards; a new deal." The North had supposed that there would be as much honour among the people of the South as among thieves and horse-jockeys, but in this we were mistaken. Thus they treated the compact that they had begged of us, thirty-four years before. I don't wonder the very name "compact" has become odious. But I must say, there were some features of that Compromise that were more like a Compact than any that we have made since. There was something on the side of freedom; we were promised a fine lot of

we only want to prevent his selling his poor old Mammy when he gets there (applause). There is a great hubbub in this pretence. Because the South cannot take their local laws into the domain of the United States, they cry out, persecution. Here are thirty-one States; if you are going to take the local laws of one State into a Territory, you must take the local laws of all. Suppose one of the States should have a law of primogeniture; could it carry such a law into a Territory?

The emigrants from the rest of the States would protest against it as an invasion of their rights under laws which are more equal and just,

and how would you reconcile the matter? It is for the General Government to declare what laws and regulations are needed for the Territory and suited to its condition.

Slavery is the creature of local law, and cannot go on much beyond the bounds of the State where slave laws exist.

The Territory of Nebraska has passed a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks. Now, suppose a New York liquor-dealer goes out there to set up the liquor business, and, finding the law against him, pronounces it an invasion of his rights and undertakes to upset the law or defy it; would not he have the same right to do as the slaveholder has to carry his slaves there and hold them? Precisely. We cannot introduce the laws of the whole thirty-one States there, and it is for Congress to say what laws shall be needed. Suppose Brigham Young should claim the right to go into Nebraska with forty wives; would not he be setting up the same claim as the slaveholders do? and would not he have the same right to complain because he could not introduce polygamy there? A man may keep tigers, but it does not follow that he can let them loose. You know there was a certain New England Senator who was said to be afflicted with a spinal complaint—that must be a mistake, however, for a man without a backbone cannot have a spinal disease (laughter)—who, though he admitted that the repeal of the Missouri Compromise was wrong, said, as a palliation for the act, that slavery would never go into Kansas and Nebraska. I wonder if the old fogey has opened his eyes now, and seen the notices of slaves for sale in Nebraska. I wonder if he has read about the armed ruffians who have invaded Kansas and carried everything with them.

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the hook again (laughter). I feel afraid that the North will not stand; there are so many of these scum upon us" (laughter). I want to see inscribed on the banner of 1856, "Death to doughfaces." Do you know how to kill a doughface? I will tell you. Certain dogs have an ingenuous way of killing cats; they seize them by the small of the back and break their spine. Now, if you put away a doughface's office, it is like breaking his back; he has no support, and he will melt like a cabbage plant in a hot forenoon (laughter).

There are thousands who are beginning to count the value of this Union, so that the oft-repeated threat of dissolution is ceasing to have its effect. When I was in Congress, in 1847, a member from Virginia was listening, one day, to a speech of a Northern man on the subject of the Wilmot Proviso. At length, he became very much agitated, and, leaving his seat, he came and sat down by a Southern friend, whose seat was near mine, when he remarked, intending that I should hear him, "I, for one, have listened to this speech long enough; I am in favour of dissolving the Union." "When you leave," said I, "you need not take but six weeks' provision; and you had better leave the door open, so that you can get in easily on your return, for I rather think you will come back, with your negroes at your heels, in double quick time" (laughter). You all remember the reply made by Senator Fessenden to Judge Butler, who repeated the same threat of dissolution to him, on the floor of the Senate; "You need not put it off a single day on our account," said he. This cry of the South that they will sever the Union reminds me of the anecdote of Pat, who was led down by a rope into a well. It was agreed that when Pat kicked the rope, they should draw him up. Pat kicked the rope and they drew him part way up. He kicked again, but they did not answer it, and he was left suspended. He kicked again and again, but to no purpose, until at last, he exclaimed, "Lift me up, be jabbers, or I will cut the rope" (laughter). Let the South cut the rope if they will. The Union is not worth preserving if it is to continue to be a great engine of oppression and of slavery propaganda.

And now, friends, I thank you for your kind attention. It has been a pleasant day for me, for I love to talk to coloured people. And if I render myself unpopular to my Whig friends by it, so be it; I am sorry, but I cannot help it. They never have shut my mouth yet, and they never shall (cheers). When they elected me to Congress, in 1844, said I, "Understand, if there is no other man in Congress who is opposed to slavery, if I find one port-hole through which to fire at slavery, there is one man by the name of Culver who will let slip" (cheers). The only safety for Whigs and all consistent democrats is to take ground on the side of freedom. And to those of you who are working only in a moral way, I throw no obstacle in your way. I am glad on account of your consistency and hearty effort amid scorn and outrage. The day of persecution has passed by, I hope, and we are standing shoulder to shoulder. Mutual forbearance, but no sacrifice of principle, should characterize our efforts in the common cause of freedom and humanity (great cheering).

SPEECH OF MR. GARRISON.

MR. PRESIDENT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: If I had consulted the dictates of prudence, I should not be with you on this occasion. In my own native State, for some days past, I have been labouring under extreme debility, so as to make all effort burdensome, and entire repose greatly to be coveted. Still, I gave you my pledge—impossibilities out of the question—that I would come here, and bear my testimony in behalf of the glorious cause of liberty; and to-day, I want to forget all about sickness. An Abolitionist has no right to talk about being unwell on the First of August. The event which we are here to celebrate is a balsam to the body, a cordial to the mind; and the spirit which enters into sympathy with the emancipated in the isles of the sea, is one that must and will forget that it has a body.

After the very able, elaborate and eloquent speech made this forenoon, by Judge CULVER, I can only come before you as "a fifth wheel to the coach"; and so I follow, also as a matter of form than on the ground of necessity, and can hardly hope to add anything to the interest which was created by the earnest and intrepid speaker who stood before us to give us his word of testimony and approval.

Mr. President, I am slightly beyond the meridian of life. More than half of my life has been devoted to the anti-slavery enterprise; and whatever remains of that life shall, by the help of God, be consecrated to the same glorious cause. Never, never, never shall I relax one iota; or titter; never shall I cease to testify against slavery, so long as there remains in this guilty land a single slave to curse the soil, or to stain our national escutcheon. I was asked, not a great while ago, by an anti-slavery woman, whether I did not grow weary in this cause, and desire repose. My answer was, and is, and will be to the end—I am tired of slaveholding usurpation and villainy; I am weary of blood; I grow sick at heart in view of the horrible oppression which is perpetrated upon millions of my countrymen; but I never grow weary in denouncing them. No! From every fresh encounter with the Slave Power, like Anteaus, when he touched his mother earth, I only derive the more strength, resolved never to give up till our jubilee comes (cheers).

Again, the planters said that the blacks were an inferior race, and that it was the will of God that the superior should govern and control the inferior. Inferior in what? Where has the experiment ever been fairly made, under equal circumstances, and the result has not always been exceedingly honourable to the coloured man, in competition with the white man? No, it is not for the basest of tyrants to talk about the inferiority of the offence, may it never be committed by those who are the first dictate of reason is to recognise a man as distinguished from a beast.

Next, it was said that immediate emancipation was the wildest proposition conceivable; the slaves ought first to be prepared for freedom; to "turn them loose" at once would be destruction to all concerned. As if God ever made a human being not prepared for freedom! As if a being "made a little lower than the angels" was ever qualified for slavery!

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Where now is that bloody code? Gone to its own place, the bottomless pit. Less sugar, but freedom at all hours of the night—the right of hospitality secured—the right to assemble together by day or by night, unquestioned—the right of self-defence admitted and the crime punished, not with reference to the complexion of the criminal, but according to its nature. Less sugar, but no more ears to be cut off—no more being branded with a fleur-de-lis—no more having the hamstrings cut, or suppose that Paul sent back Onesimus to be again the slave of Philemon. And this in the presence of a people holding it to be a self-evident truth that all men are endowed by their Creator with an inalienable right to liberty!

Again, it was urged that blood would flow like water, if emancipation should take place; that the throats of the planters would assuredly be cut, for the slaves constituted an overwhelming majority. To this the anti-slavery party replied, "It is a monstrous hallucination of the mind! Your slaves do not attempt to cut your throats now, even though you lacerate and starve them, work them without wages, separate wife from husband, and sell their children on the auction block. They have borne these cruelties with unparalleled forbearance, looking unto God for deliverance. Will they be disposed to cut your throats when you cease flogging them and burning their flesh with red-hot branding irons? Will they murder you, because you have restored to them their children, and are no longer disposed to traffic in their bodies and souls? It is the height of insanity; there is no danger."

Again, it was said that the slaves would not work if they were emancipated; hence, to cure their indolence, it was right and proper to keep them in bondage. The reply was, "It is for the slaves, not for you, to determine whether they will work or not. If your objection be a valid one, it proves—inasmuch as you, the planters, seem to do any work, and are the laziest of the lazy, subsisting entirely on the labours of others—that you, of all persons in the world, ought to be enslaved." And it was very conclusive reasoning.

Their next device was to denounce the English Abolitionists as incendiaries, fanatics and infidels. WILDERFORCE was branded as "a hoary-headed traitor," up to a late period in his life. If he, or CLARKEON, or BUXTON, could have been caught in the Colonies, the power of the British Government would not have been sufficient to protect them from the dexterous rage of the planters. Now, the busts of these distinguished philanthropists are seen in the Colonies, as worthy of all honour. So great has been the change wrought by the beneficent act of emancipation!

There was another objection to emancipation, and a very singular one, coming from slaveholders. They said, "If emancipation takes place, then AMALGAMATION will follow"—i.e. their sons would be for having none but black wives!

A fine compliment, indeed, to the beauty

and attractiveness of black women, as compared with those of white women! Amalgamation! Why, the slaveholder would no sooner give up his chance for amalgamation than he would give up his life; there is no adjunct of the slave system so much fancied as amalgamation. Where do all the coloured population of our country come from? Certainly not from Africa! This infinite variety in the shades of complexion everywhere tells the story of slaveholding violence and lust. O, the audacity of slaveholders! to dare to stand up and denounce a state of freedom as tending to amalgamation, when the very first act of slavery is to ABOLISH THE MASTERSHIP INSTITUTION, for the purpose of gratifying the hellish lust of the master, without fear or restraint! It is debauchery and rape on a colossal scale. Ah! we dare not lift that curtain and reveal to you all the horrors of the secret chamber. The pollutions of Sodom and Gomorrah all legalized and enforced under the lash, and at the point of the bowie-knife!

Next, the planters pleaded that the true way of abolishing slavery was to do it gradually. They did not say when they would cease being slaveholders. They said, not to-day, not to-morrow, but at some indefinite period. The English Abolitionists insisted upon their naming a time, but in vain. It was like the story told of Charles James Fox, the British statesman, who was notorious for getting into debt, and never paying. A certain Jew, named Solomon, to whom he was owing a large sum, had called repeatedly upon him for his money, but Fox told him he could not pay him then—he must call again. "No," said Solomon, whose mind was at last made up to the sticking-point, "I have come resolved never to leave your house until you tell me on what day I shall certainly have the money." "Well, Solomon," said Fox, "I will try and set it so; but there are no more burnings of chapels and banishing of missionaries! Before emancipation took place, the planters rose up against all the missionaries, set fire to their chapels or pulled them down, destroyed property to the amount of 23,255 pounds sterling. Some of the missionaries were put in loathsome dungeons, where two of their number died; the rest were expelled from the Colonies, and had to take refuge in the mother country for safety. It was only when they got to England, and proclaimed in the hearing of the people, that the Gospel of Christ could not be preached while slavery existed in the Colonies, and that they must either stop sending missionaries or combine to put down that atheistical system, that the religious sentiment of the country rose up in its strength and smote slavery to the dust. And that is the deed we are here to rejoice over to-day. A similar religious proscription has already commenced in our own country. In Missouri, the Ministers of the Methodist Church North are being driven out of their pulpits by the bowie-knife and the revolver—not because they are Abolitionists, but because they are attached to the Northern wing of that church. And this spirit will prevail more and more. We must prepare ourselves to hear of a speedy uprising against the preachers of the gospel in the South, who will not openly defend slavery as a divinely instituted system; and when that time comes, I trust it will have the same effect upon the religious people of the North as it had upon the people of Great Britain.

And what were the pleas advanced to justify West India slavery? I will rapidly rehearse some of them; and you will see, as in a mirror, that they were precisely such as are now put forth against the anti-slavery movement in our own country.

In the first place, the West India planters said to the Abolitionists of England, "Mind your own business! Meddle not with matters which do not concern you!" "It is our business," they replied, "to cry aloud against bloody oppression; and woe be to us, and to you, if we refrain from bearing our testimony!" The same objection is brought against us by the slaveholders at the South. "Vile intermeddlers and mischievous busybodies, attend to your own affairs! Look at home!" Our reply is—

"He who allows oppression shares the crime," and becomes the accomplice of the tyrant.

Next, the West India planters said, "Our slaves are better off than they would be in a state of freedom."

Better off to have no rights than to have all rights! Better off to have a tyannical master over them than to have the eternal God! Better off to have no compensation for service and long protracted toil than to be well paid, and to work without the stimulus of the lash! Better off to have no power to read and write than to be in possession of the spelling-book, the Bible, and the means of knowledge! Better off to have chains around the body which God made to be sacred from harm, and to glorify him forever, than to have the limbs free as the birds of the air! Such is the logic of slavery! It belongs to Bedlam. There never was a sane argument put forth against liberty. There are various kinds of insanity; and he who maintains that God has made one man to be the property of another is a madman. There is not a sane man in the universe who does not know that all slaveholding is a damnable villainy. They who justify chattel slavery, as compatible with justice and humanity, ought to have straight jackets put upon them, if anybody ought; they cannot be safely trusted at large; they are mere beasts of prey. Better off to have chains around the body which God made to be sacred from harm, and to glorify him forever, than to have the limbs free as the birds of the air! Such is the logic of slavery! It belongs to Bedlam. There never was a sane argument put forth against liberty. There are various kinds of insanity; and he who maintains that God has made one man to be the property of another is a madman. There is not a sane man in the universe who does not know that all slaveholding is a damnable villainy. They who justify chattel slavery, as compatible with justice and humanity, ought to have straight jackets put upon them, if anybody ought; they cannot be safely trusted at large; they are mere beasts of prey. 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Miscellaneous Department.

PETER CARTWRIGHT, THE BACKWOODS PREACHER.

From the *National Magazine* for August.

We once gave a sketch of *Peter Cartwright* in these pages. It would be unpardonable to omit the adventures of such a character from this class of "jottings"; we must then call him again into your presence, "courteous reader," even if we should repeat some of his stories already told.

He appears broken with years and labours, and you perceive some paralytic tremblings in his attitude and voice; but there is nevertheless a general aspect of strenuous vigour about him. He looks as if he might yet wrestle with bears and come off conqueror, as we learn he really has done before. He is wet-worn and weather-beaten. His complexion is bilious, the interguments of his face wrinkled and tough, his eyes small and twinkling, defended by a heavy pair of spectacles with green glass, this mouth compact and full of force, his head large and round, the forehead deeply indented, and his hair—there's no description of that; it looks as if he had plucked into the bag of the Kilkenny cats, and had not time to bind it since its extraction. And yet do not those fiery fierceness about his caput? Nay, verily; a more truly characterized with good nature and gallant generosity is not to be seen. Should we attempt an intellectual portrait of *Peter Cartwright* we should summarize it by that he is characterized by good sense and good humour. We know not what we can better describe him. He strikes right at the object before him, and never fails to hit it; and he has that characteristic of the highest wisdom—brevity, sententiousness. We never knew him to speak in General Conference more than five minutes at once. His humour is always spontaneous—always ready. It sometimes cuts sharply, but is usually genial and generous, relieving rather than exasperating the case. Humour is a rare excellence, but it is not, like gems, valuable chiefly for its rareress; it is intrinsically valuable. It should not be too severely grimed at, with elongated faces, even in ecclesiastical bodies; it often gleams like exhilarating sunlight among lowering clouds of discord, and sometimes dispels them, and does infinitely more than the strongest logic or the loudest rhetoric to remove obstructions to business. Still a man of combined good sense and good humour is liable to suffer some disapprobation. Our poor human nature has a sort of self-complimenting propensity to speak of a superior man with a qualifying "but" the import of which is that though he excels us in some things, we can see in him defects we have not ourselves. He has imagination "but" he has not much sense; he has humour "but" he has not much logic. Much of this kind of twaddle is sheer fudge, and something worse. *Peter Cartwright* is not merely a man of humour, but of genuine sagacity; woe be to the man that attempts to circumvent him in debate. If some of his short sayings were divested of their humour, and spoke by a grave man, they would pass for unique utterances of wisdom: as they are, they pass for pertinent jokes—happy hits. *Peter Cartwright* is a "Doctor of Divinity." Good old George Pickering, when asked once if the Methodists had any Doctor of Divinity, replied, "No, sir, we don't need them; our divinity has not yet become sick."

Those healthful days seem, however, to have passed, if we may judge from the ample provisions made for their medical education among us now-a-days. Some college in the West deemed *Peter Cartwright* too knowing in the Materia Medica, or too skillful with the scalpel, to die untried, and, therefore, dubbed him D.D. We know not that he pretends to encyclopedic erudition, or is more skilful than some other doctors we are acquainted with in the learned languages—a knowledge of which is usually presupposed in giving that title: the only learned quotation we ever heard from him was in respect to a matter of business; it was said, he, "in *suscipio non-comitatus*." The learned doctors around him smiled very cognizantly, as they usually do at College Commencements when a Latin phrase is quoted which, though unintelligible to the vulgar throng, is always remarkably striking to them.

His fellow-soldier in the West, James B. Finley, gives the following further account of him of which we gave an extract once, but now give it fully:

"Immense was the gathering at the Methodist camp-ground near Springfield, on the second Sunday of Sept., 1832. A powerful magnet had attracted this great mass of people from their homes in many counties a hundred miles round. The new presiding elder, a late arrival from Kentucky, an orator of wide-spread and wonderful renown, it was known, would thunder on that day. The prestige of his fame had lightened before him, and hence the universal eagerness to hear him concerning whom rumour's trumpet-tongue discoursed so loudly.

Morning broke in the azure east, bright and beautiful as a dream of heaven; but the ex-prodigy had not made his advent. Eleven o'clock came—the regular hour of the detonation of the heavy guns of orthodoxy—and still there was no news of the clerical lion. A common circuit preacher took his place, and sensible of the popular disappoiment, increased it by mouthing a miserable falsehood. The vexed and restless crowd began to disperse, when an event happened to excite fresh curiosity and concentrate them again denser than ever. A messenger rushed to the pulpit in hot haste, and presented a note, which was immediately read out to prevent the people from scattering. The following is a literal copy of that singular epistle:

"DEAR BRETHREN. The devil has foandered my horse, which will detain me from fulfilling your desire. I might have informed you of my misfortune by foot, but I could not leave poor Fad; he has been never left Peter. Horses have no souls to save, and, therefore, it is all the more the duty of Christians to take care of their bodies. Watch and pray, and don't let the devil get among you the sly before candlelight, when I shall be at my post. Your brother, Peter Cartwright."

"At length the day closed. The purple curtain of night fell over the earth from the darkening sky. God's golden fire flashed out in the heavens, and men below kindled their watch-fires. The encampment, a village of snowy tents, was illuminated with a brilliancy that caused every leaf to shine and sparkle as if all the trees were burnished with phosphorescent flame. It was like a theatre. It was a theatre in the open air, on the green sward, beneath the starry sky, incomparably more picturesque and gorgeous than any stage scenery, prepared within walls of brick or marble, where the elite of cities throng to feast their eyes on beauty and their ears on music.

"Presently a form arose in the pulpit, and commenced giving out a hymn, preliminary to the main exercises, and every eye became riveted to the person of the stranger. Indeed, as some one said of Burke, a single flash of the gazer's vision was enough to reveal the extraordinary man, although, in the present case, it must for the sake of truth, be acknowledged that the first impression was ambiguous, if not enigmatical and disagreeable. His figure was tall, burly, massive, and seemed more gigantic than the reality from the crowning foliage of luxuriant, coal-black hair, massed into long, curling ringlets. Add a head that looked as large as a half bushel; beetling brows, rough and craggy as fragmentary granite, irradiated at the base by eyes of dark fire; small and twinkling like diamonds in a sea—they were diamonds of the soul, shining in a measureless sea of humor—a swarthy complexion, as if embrowned by a southern sun; rich, rosy lips, always slightly parted, as wearing a perpetual smile; and have a life-like portrait of the far-famed backwoods preacher.

"Though I heard it all, from the text to the amen, I am forced to despair of any attempt to convey an accurate idea of either the substance or manner of the sermon which followed. There are different sorts of sermons—the argumentative, the dogmatical, the postulatory, the persuasive, the punitive, the combative; 'In orthodox pulpits and knobs,' the logical and the poetical, but this specimen belonged to none of these categories. It was *sui generis* and of a new species.

"He began with a loud and beautifully modulated tone, in a voice that rolled on the serene night-air like successive peals of thunder. Methodist ministers are celebrated for sonorous voices; but this was matchless in sweetness as well as power. For the first ten minutes his remarks, being preparatory, were commonplace and uninteresting; but then, all of a sudden, his face reddened, his eyes brightened, his gestures grew animated as the warfares of a torch, and his whole countenance changed into an expression of infinite mirth; and now his wild, waggon, peculiar eloquence poured forth like a mountain torrent. Glancing arrows, with shafts of ridicule, *bom-boms*, puns, and side-aptitudes anticipated, flashed and flew like hail till the vast auditory was convulsed with laughter. For a while the more zealous strove to resist the current of their own spontaneous mirth. These, however, soon discovered that they had undertaken an impossible achievement in thinking to withstand his *fatua*. His every sentence was like a warm finger, tickling the ribs of the hearer. His very looks incited to mirth far more than other people's jokes, so that the effort to maintain one's equanimity only increased the disposition to burst into loud expostions, as every school-boy has verified in similar cases. At length the encampment was in roar, the sternest features relaxed into smiles, and the coldest eyes melted into tears of irrepressible merriment. The conntined thirty minutes, while the orator painted the folly of the sinners, which was his theme, I looked on and laughed with the rest, but finally began to fear the result to the speaker.

"How," I exclaimed, mentally, "will he ever be able to extricate his audience from that deep whirlpool of humour? If he ends thus, when the merry whirlpool of feeling and calm reflection supervenes, will not every hearer realize that he has been trifled with?" At all events there is no prospect of a revival to-night; for even though the orator were a magician, he could not change his subject now, and the world's heart-long laughter.

"But the shaft of my inference fell short of the mark; and even then, he commenced to change, not at once, but gradually, as the wind of a thunder-cloud. His features lost their comical tinge of pleasure; his voice

grew first earnest, and then solemn, and soon wailed out in the tones of deepest pathos; his eyes were shorn of their mild light, and yielded streams of tears, as the fountain of the full yielded water. The effect was indescribable, and the rebound of feeling beyond conception. He descended on the horrors of hell, till every shuddering face was turned downward, as if expecting to see the solid globe rent asunder, and the fathomless, fiery gulf from beneath. Brave men moaned, and fair fastidious women, covered with silken drapery and bedight with gems, shrieked as if a knife were working among their heart-strings.

"Again he changed the theme; sketched the joys of a righteous death—its faith, its hope, its winged raptures, and angels attending the spirit to its stately home—with such force, great and evident belief, that all eyes were turned toward heaven, and the entire congregation started to their feet, as if to hail the vision of angels at which the finger of the preacher seemed to be pointed, elevated at about equal to two of the present conference beyond the mountains. Those were the days of great moral battles in that vast field; and the men who fought them were made great, some of them gigantically so, by their circumstances. Among them were, Young, Walker, Shim, McKendree, Burke, Lakin, Blackman, Quinn, and similar mighty men. *Cartwright* began his regular travel with Lakin on Salt River Circuit—(says the *Traveler*)—Most of his fellow-spirits have gone to their rest; but they gained the field, and fortified their cause all over it. They, in fact, laid the moral foundations of the ultra-montane States. The few remnants of the old corps should be cherished and honoured by their church.

bless the old man, with all his oddities; and may he yet light his way into heaven.

Peter Cartwright joined the "old Western Conference" in 1805, though he began to travel a year earlier, we believe. He was a young man—only about eighteen years old—when he entered the itinerant field, and he has been in its foremost struggles ever since. The "old Western Conference" was in that day the only one beyond the Alleghanies. It extended from Detroit to Natchez, and each of its districts comprised a territory about equal to two of the present conferences beyond the mountains. Those were the days of great moral battles in that vast field; and the men who fought them were made great, some of them gigantically so, by their circumstances. Among them were, Young, Walker, Shim, McKendree, Burke, Lakin, Blackman, Quinn, and similar mighty men. *Cartwright* began his regular travel with Lakin on Salt River Circuit—(says the *Traveler*)—Most of his fellow-spirits have gone to their rest; but they gained the field, and fortified their cause all over it. They, in fact, laid the moral foundations of the ultra-montane States. The few remnants of the old corps should be cherished and honoured by their church.

A SONG.

(From "Maud," a new poem, by Temeny, now in press.)

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black rose, Night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodland spires are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daisies dry,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,

All night have the roses red,
The flute, violin, bassoon
All night has the casement jessamine stir'd
To the dances dancing in tune;

Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a rush with the setting moon.
I said to the lily, "There is but one
With whom her heart is to be gay.
When will all the flowers leave her alone?
Say all the flowers leave her alone,
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;

Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, "The brief night goes
In babble and revel in wine,
O young lover-lore, what sights are those,
For one that will never be thine?

But the rose, "I am here to stay,
For ever, and ever, and ever,

* * * * *

BEARDS AND THEIR BEARERS.

(From "Le Prince d'Amour," 1860.)

"Now of beards there be
Such a company,
Old beards, and young,
That is very hard,
To treat of the beard,
Though it be never so long."

* * * * *

VAN HELMONT, in support of a theory, asks us if we ever saw a good angel with a beard—one of those questions which are supposed by those who put them to determine a dispute at once. He falls to another conclusion therewith; and maintains that if good angels do not wear beards, the men who do are guilty of profanity, and love gods rather than godliness. Van Helmont himself was extremely perplexed by the Jesuit casuists, who wrote on the lawfulness of beards, and who most lucidly proved, under three heads—1st, That we are bound to shave the beard; 2d, That we are bound to let it grow; and, 3d, That we may do either the one or the other.

St. François de Sales, the gentleman saint, was less perplexing when, on being asked by a lady whether she might not *rouge*, smiled, and answered, certainly, if she only painted one cheek.

Van Helmont hit the happy medium left by the Jesuitical argument, and shaving his beard, only cut him his mustachios.

Southey is rather inclined to accept the Dutch account of the derivation of beards, based as it is on the certainty that no man ever saw a good angel wearing one; "for," says he, "take the most beautiful angel that ever painter designed or engraver copied, put him on a beard, and the celestial character will be so entirely destroyed, that the simple appendage of a tail will evanescence the Endowment." So it may be said that a monk with a fine polished bald head is hedged with a sort of divinity, and looks altogether reverend; but only sprinkle powder from a dredging-box upon the baldness, and you make him, if not clear, certainly mundane.

The English clergy do not appear to have estimated beards by Van Helmont's scale. One of the body, in the reign of Elizabeth, cherished his beard as an incentive to righteousness. "He wore it," he said, "to remind him that no act of his life should be unworthy of the gravity of his appearance." This good gentleman's beard assumedly did not deserve what Shakespeare affirms some men do, namely, "not so honourable a grave as to stuff a butcher's cushion, or to be entombed in an ass's pack-saddle."

"I do it," said he apologetically to the scandalized orthodox mutt, "to prevent my vizier leading me by it. He cared less for it than some of our ancestors, two centuries ago, did for their own. They used to wear beards over them in the night, lest they should turn upon them and rumple them in their sleep!"

The famous Raskolnikoff schismatics had a similar superstition to the Mahometans mentioned above. They considered the divine image in man to reside in the beard.

Not only have the shaven of barbaric kings been accounted superior to the Prince Minister, as in our own country French *coiffures* are infinitely better paid than English coiffures; so to be shaved by a prince is to be exalted to ecstatic honours. Hoskins, the traveller, was so exalted by the high apprass of the Shagues. His royal highness used a three-pronged razor, and at every stroke carried away as much chin as beard; the honour he received limited his powers, but he said his course was clear. Scissors were lawful, razors illegal; but the priests had first used the former, and the law did not say that razors should not be used after the scissors had been applied. For his own part, he did not well know which to adopt; but he thought his reverend gentlemen would be just as keeping razors, but not in using them themselves. They might shave other.

* * * * *

The Mahometans are very superstitious touching the beard. They bury the hairs which come off in combing it, and break them first, because they believe that angels have charge of every hair, and that they gain them their dismissal by breaking it. Selim I. was the first Sultan who shaved his beard, contrary to the law of the Koran, in spite of the decree. It was made a diocesan-court master of, and the chief pontiff, a sort of bishop in his way, rendered his limited powers, but he said his course was clear. Scissors were lawful, razors illegal; but the priests had first used the former, and the law did not say that razors should not be used after the scissors had been applied. For his own part, he did not well know which to adopt; but he thought his reverend gentlemen would be just as keeping razors, but not in using them themselves. They might shave other.

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THE LETTERS.

(From Temeny's "Maud.")

STILL on the tower stood the vane,

A black wavy gloom'd the stagnant pane,

I peer'd aghast the chanc'd cold bare,

And saw the stars cold and bare,

A hand of pain across my brow;

Cold art, Heaven and earth shall meet

Before you hear my marriage vow.

I turn'd and hurr'd a bitter song,

That mock'd the wholesome human heart,

And then we met in wrath and wrong.

We met, but only meant to part,

Foul cold my meeting was and dry;

So faintly smil'd, she hardly moved;

I saw but hale unconscious eye

She wore the colours I approved.

As looks his dead son, I looked on these

She told me all her friends had said;

I ranged against the public bar;

She talk'd as if her love were